

# Forward Motion

Murs

Hey, hey, hey!  
(This style is overbearing)  
Awww, shit  
(This style is overbearing)  
Huh  
(Make you feel like a tiger, what I want)  
What? Oh  
(This style is overbearing)  
The lieutenants of the [?]  
Murs, Eligh  
This style is overbearing (Yes)  
Why don't you let 'em know a little something  
(Okay, let's just drop it)

This style is overbearing  
Tearing down buildings like construction workers  
I'm no jerk, I let my verbal alcohol ferment before I serve it  
To my customers, consumers of the real shit  
Others don't know how to deal with it  
So they toss it aside like [?], but I been doin' the same shit since eleven  
Usin' imagination, the station clairvoyance  
With no annoyance, patient waiting for elevation to show it's face  
I'm no waste, I run the race just as hard as any other martyr  
To a youngster maybe I'm lazy most of the day  
But I'm only crazy halfway  
The other half are the 2, 000 stats I wager, visioning my presence  
On this day, anarchy, watch it waist away  
While I put my face on the dollar bill  
I'm here to stay (Forever, Eligh)

Silence

We do it like this, 'cause it's the only way to be done, fresh  
How the West was won, I guess  
Stress got me tryna (Huh) drink every day of my life  
Still away from a wife, and achievin' all my goals  
So the mic is what I hold, in the meantime  
See rhymes go from good to great  
Used to be a nobody (Hah), now the name intimidates  
Whack niggas hate to see me comin', see men runnin'  
Other niggas gunnin' for my title  
Thinkin' that they infamous (What?) with the recital  
But I'm heavyweight on instrumentals while you more like intercontinental ch  
amp  
Remember the Cabin Camp made his stamp, then vamped (Hah)  
Still came entranced, forever and a day  
To my brother, truly rules ass  
Motherfuckers punkin' suckers all day like that

Ahh, the irregular dry cellular microphone organism  
Prone to organised visits to the home  
And if you're listenin' closely, maybe you'll hear most of what I say  
But if the side is not precise, come in multiples of trey  
And I don't mean head's deep, I mean how deep's the head?  
'Cause I walk through shallow waters, in the deep I swim to the end  
The scientific method to the style at the horizon  
Made the observation, perpetration, high possibility

Possibly [?] topically, watch toxically  
Combustion of the unworthy can cause serious injury  
So wear protective eyewear if you're likely to stare  
So be careful...

This space I share with these babies is separated  
Elevated, and the loftiness ain't even the bird's eye  
My words apply to what the topic is  
Telescopic observations from the tarn top deck  
Gift the direction in this community  
We communicate, and correlate thought into audio files  
Arranged by styles, where do you fit in?  
I'm keeping your destiny hidden  
I'm watching, keeping my thoughts from being bitten  
Vampires deliver the prophecies written  
Step off before they get in  
Lost and they teaching [?]  
Put nails to your doormat, and knock politely

Rhymes get flipped, and fools get fucked up  
When they ride this bike of hip-hop  
With no back brakes  
I got forward motion and it just don't stop  
Rhymes get flipped, and fools get fucked up  
When they ride this bike of hip-hop  
With no back brakes  
We got forward motion and it just don't stop  
So don't try to front

Don't front (Don't front, buddy)  
Big Lu, they been frontin' (They frontin', buddy)  
Frontin', they ain't nothin'  
The log cabin, '97